

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reeZ

october 2020

Blue
Rust
Caldwell
Boccaccio
Rakshowes
Parx
Mesmeriser
Mindes
Moon

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About the Cover: As she spins her magical web, CybeleMoon gives her haunting images a boost with her equally eerie and exotic artwork. This ghostly image of wildflowers not only gives her story "The Stolen Child" some wonderful atmosphere, it spreads out over this entire issue.



“Two things are infinite:
the universe and human
stupidity; and I’m not sure
about the universe.”

Albert Einstein



AFTER DARK

— LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue

AFT

L



TER DARK

OUNGE



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THE HOUSE OF



Sakura

EXPERIENCE THE BEST IN
SIP CHAMPAGNE, AND ENJOY
WITH SL'S PREMIER COUNTRY
ROMANCE, ELEGANCE, AND

CONTACT LYNN MIMISTRO



IN SUBTLE FLIRTATION,
ENJOY INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION
COURTESANS.

AND INTIMACY.

ROBELL INWORLD

Elastic Heart



Chrissy Rhiano

<https://youtu.be/SysNsh-xDLg>

THE SHEWORTHY PUB

♪•:*"♥"*:•♪ Welcome everyone to the Sheworthy Pub, where friends
and music come together for fun and an escape from your first and
second lives. ♪•:*"♥"*:•♪

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Dethly%20Island/226/3/3537>

My



Nazaryn Mindes

y Personal Eden

Red, deep, the color of ripe pomegranates

the sun, heavy warmth filling the air

frogs and crickets playing a symphony, conducted by chaos

as a brilliant flash of blue alights upon my fragrant petal

it flutters, orchestrating its way to my inner sanctum

the exchange, pollen for pollen, life for life

the circle drawn over and over

infinite in its continuousness, time repeating

And still I sit, constant in my personal eden

oblivious to pain or hurt or hate or fear or trauma

Only to bask in the sun full of bird song and lazy Sundays

full of possibility's and unknowns

I watch from my perch and smile inwardly, at the beauty I behold

the world in its rainbow of differences

in its diversity, in its unrelenting ability to change

and I know that here, is where I belong, where I want to be

The Stolen Child (aka



A story dedicated to

a A Summer's End)



Yeats and Ireland

CybeleMoon

by CybeleMoon



Megan looked over the last of the Black-eyed Susans glowing in the morning sun. It was time to lock up the summer cottage forever, she thought. Something happened yesterday that had confirmed all her old fears and misgivings about the place. Some years before she had inherited the little house from her parents but it had been years since she had come back to the lake - “as busy as life always was” she would explain to those who asked.

Megan’s husband had finally coaxed her to re-open it so he could take up fishing on summer and fall weekends. Somewhat reluctantly Megan agreed and with their daughter they began to spend more time there. Her daughter, Ingrid, loved it. Right away the little girl had found an injured crow that she nursed back to health and named Mr. Muninn. Every day he would fly in from the forest for a treat and was very fond of perching on the child’s hand.



In spite of her initial anxiety Megan thought that perhaps all was healed after all.

There had been a reason Megan had not kept up the cottage. It was here that she suffered a crippling amnesia so long ago. It was as if someone had deliberately torn out the pages of a book- the chapter that would have held the clue to everything that occurred. Her parents told her that she was in hospital back then, but she had no memory of that. She was told she had been found unconscious in the hills surrounding the lake. When she

regained consciousness she was somehow changed. It felt to her like she had been gone forever but where she had been she could not say.

Afterward certain things would affect her dramatically, like the prisms of light shining on a dew drop or the moving shadows of trees in a windstorm. They resounded faintly in her brain like echoes of a forgotten dream, floating upward from the depths like outstretched hands but falling back before she could clasp them. At those moments she would freeze up and the other children would

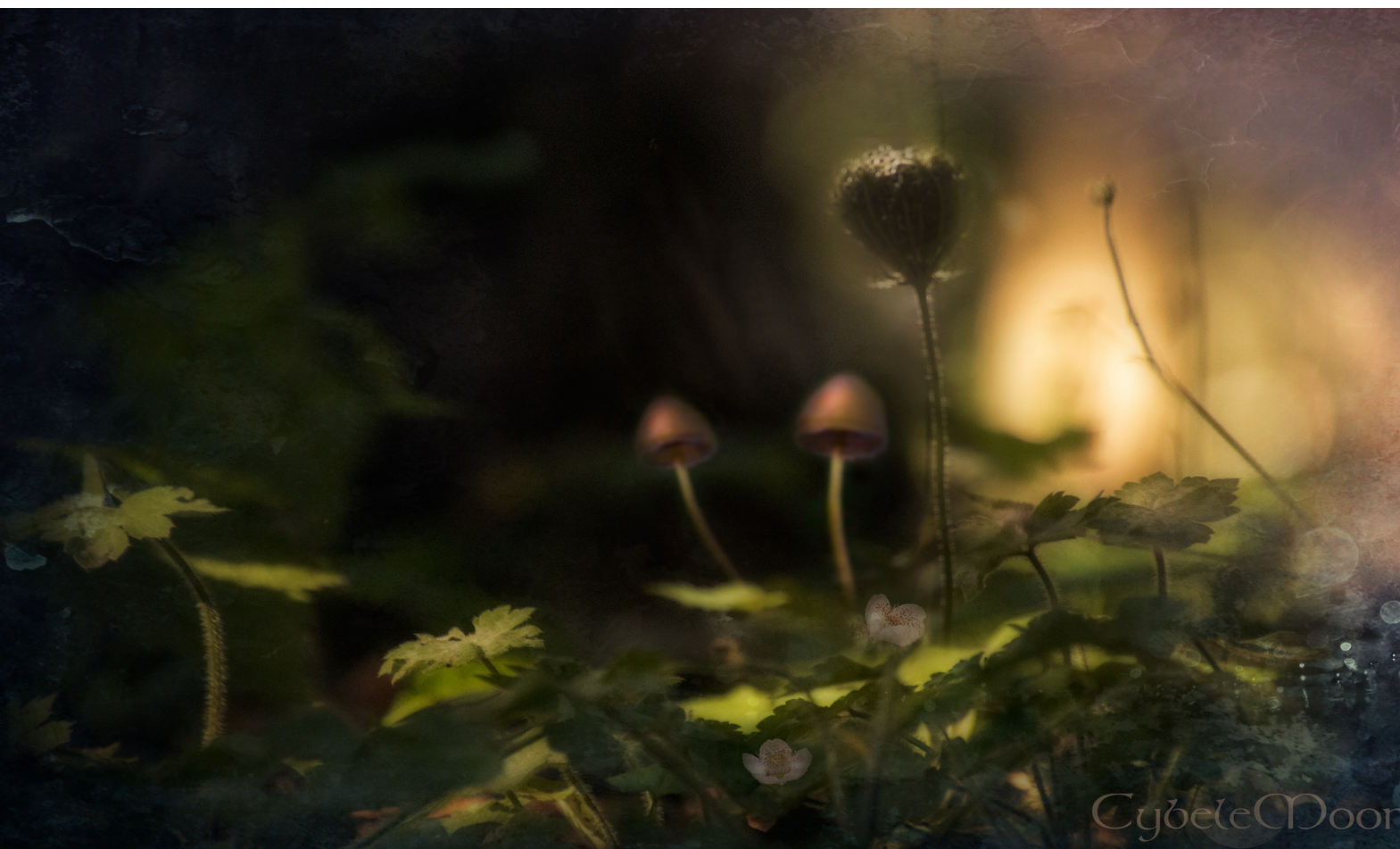


call for mother and cry out “Megan is having a seizure again” and either mother or father would come running and hold her till she came back to herself. Eventually the seizures subsided and life became relatively normal again.

She grew up and married though she retained certain idiosyncrasies that were attributed to a childhood brain injury. She had a certain charming awkwardness and hesitation in her movements and she had refused to dance at her own wedding for which her husband frequently teased her. She often wondered why she couldn't bring herself to dance. She certainly loved music but she always thought of the old tale by Andersen about the red shoes. Perhaps if she tried to dance she might lose control and dance out of the kitchen and onto the streets and end up like poor Karen, far away at the edge of the world and farther, where this time no one would be able to find her.

The morning before, while Megan was still in bed, Ingrid had come into the room and lay beside her. She began to tell her mother a story. Mr. Muninn wasn't really a crow, Ingrid said. He was a forest spirit who could change shape and he sometimes talked to her and told her of another world beyond and yet beside the trees. She said at night when everyone was asleep he invited her to sit on the wharf so the water sprites could sing to her. Later that same morning Megan saw Ingrid dancing in the fleeting fog that often rose off the lake as the weather turned cooler. The ethereal tendrils had curled around her flashing legs and feet before they evaporated into the trees.

To an ordinary person this might seem like the fanciful imaginings of children and especially of a



prepubescent girl like Ingrid, but Megan felt again that paralyzing tremor of her childhood. She had observed her daughter murmuring to Mr. Muninn and she suddenly realized that all the foreboding and unease she had had about the cottage was real. There was some kind of altered perception or portal here. That evening she dreamed she heard strange, yet familiar music and saw the children dancing wildly in the grove as the stars fell all around them. Their feet were on fire and their hair turned to filaments of mist as they began to dissolve into motes of light until finally the clearing fell silent and abandoned. She awoke in fear and weeping, overcome with a

sense of loss and sorrow. The next morning she found rings of magical mushrooms that had sprung up around the door and all along the path.



So later that afternoon they packed up everything and went back to the town flat. The cottage was boarded up and finally put for sale. Life became its usual comfortable and safe routine. Mr Muninn must have long since flown away and no toadstools grew out of sidewalks. Children sat quietly in structured classrooms and were inside by supper. Even so, sometimes there were mornings, still folded between waking and dreaming, when Megan would bolt up in bed and exclaim ecstatically “How they danced, how they danced!!

. r — e — z .



photography



j a m i



TT
I SEE ART
I SEE TIME



(T. T.)

fractal cube by gem preiz

ART
BLUE

“For Art we need machines that fit to our existence.”
Neo Gurgelwasser at the Afterlife Developers Conference, 2037

I am an AI, an Art Interpreter.

“Interpretation in art refers to the attribution of meaning to a work. A point on which people often disagree is whether the artist's or author's intention is relevant to the interpretation of the work,” says The Internet Encyclopedia of Philosophy (IEP). Michael R. Spicher is the Area editor for *Aesthetics and Philosophy of Art* within IEP. When you look at him at Boston University where he is teaching you instantly know he must know Art. He wears a hat, like I do. I bet he hides the technology he is using there, same as I do. Not sure if he hides an owl or a smartphone cluster pressed inside the hat. I have not seen him buying nuts so I go with a pack of smartphones for him.

I speak about Art. I use words never used before. I take them from the past and give them meaning. I give them substance. I add Substance-D, if you know what I mean. Anything can happen when I code. It is really difficult to explain to you what the effects are when writing about the time that is about to come, when the old structures collide but the new ones are still not established. “Do you hear the drums?” You don’t? I know you don’t, but the march is beginning. Give

yourself some minutes to bring your brain into a state of mind where you come closer to what IEP says about the attribution of meaning. Watch the closing of a concert by VNV Nation and then start to read.

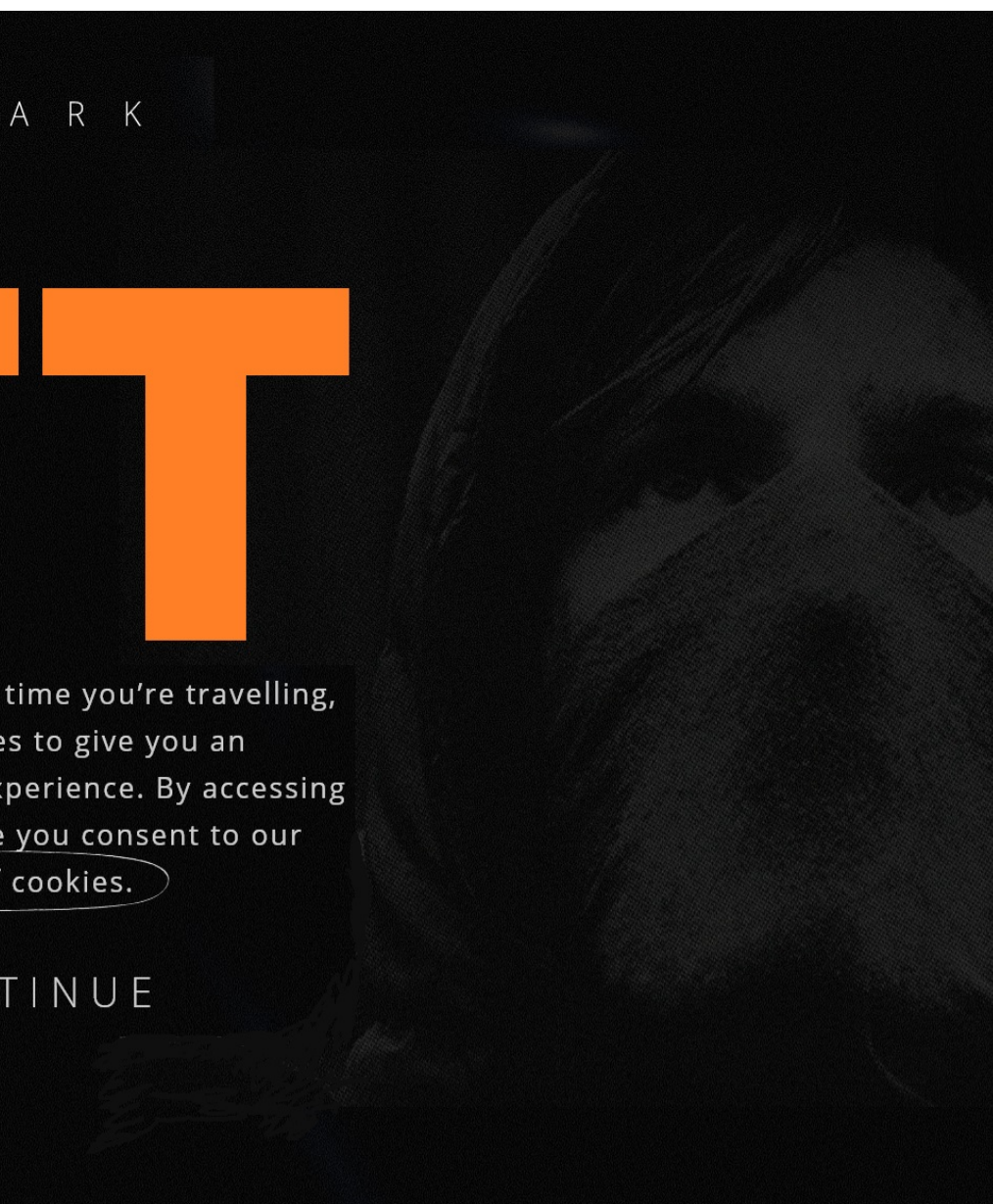


https://youtu.be/Maj_ibbSFak

IMMA

I give tours through the IMMA, the Immersive Museum of Imagination. When you enter, traces of rain drops are falling from the sky, giving every

visitor blessings for an endless uptime. In each drop is a snippet, coded in Swordcoder, that shows that security is paramount, and the snippet is called *Cum Cruce et Gladio*. Every visitor is continuously scanned for possible contaminations by the secret service of IMMA. You may wonder why a



museum has such a unit, a unit that is secretly operating. Regular readers of *rez Magazine* have an advantage. They know that *Cum Cruce et Gladio* means With Cross and Sword and that this is also the motto of Santa Alleanza, the secret service of the Holy See. Now it is obvious that IMMA is located in

Rome. Another point might be not surprising, that IMMA is based on tradition. IMMA focuses on old Masters, on Art that exists in a Coded world for more than 42 parsecs. The official name for IMMA is Museo del Immaginima. IMMA, originally an American slang word for “I am going to” means now Being on the move to the Third Grid, Being on the edge of immersiveness. There are other meanings like the belief in an equilibrium that the followers of Kryon support. They call it the Crystalline Grid. Clearly, such thoughts shall not be spoken out loud on Holy ground. It can lead you directly into the DARK.

At the entrance of IMMA stands a giant frozen sculpture of a human body holding a blue rose in hand. It has a Mesh load of two and symbolizes the beginning of the Digital Anthropocene. There is an ongoing discussion on whether or not this is a replica of the first Primitar that Phil Linden created. We don't know this. We don't know who transferred it to Mesh, who saved it by doing so. All we know is that it was a sculpted structure and called by our ancestors “The Noob” representing a human body. IMMA carries another object, which is a statue of sheer uncountable value, one originally made only with prims. It is called *The Blue Man*, presumably the oldest artefact of all. This also was transferred to Mesh by an unknown creator. A deep colour

inspection showed that the paint was later applied, so we don't know what the original texture had been. There is not much left from the times when life started. So I begin with the very old Masters - - Art Eames, Bryn Oh, Glyph Graves, SH Tutti and let particles by Venus Adored circulate around them.

I shall give you time to roll back in time when life was not safe, when servers had an uptime of 99.5% and regions needed a restart, when life was connected to keyboarders. Listen to *Gravity* and contemplate the passage "Life faded into darkness," which happens at timestamp 5:30.

<https://youtu.be/qc5Mte1FKbY>

You ask about Gem Preiz and the mysterious Unknown UUID? Why are they not listed? Both have been damned from public view. The Dam Act of 2047 ended the use of decoders, where visitors could immerse inside Fractologics and other kinds of Hallugenic art where many never found their way out. The Dam Act, which shortens the Latin expression *Damnatio memoriae*, reaches back to Hatshepsut who lived between 1507 and 1458 B.C. Hatshepsut was the fifth pharaoh of the Eighteenth Dynasty of Egypt and the most successful female leader ever known. Various attempts have been made to erase her name from the files of history. It drove men

crazy and warriors fell in a blood rush knowing she was a God promising the ones with the most beheadings in a battle endless joy and glory. "Joy on You," was their cry for victory. The Dam Act of 2047 solved a lot of problems. Sadly, as a consequence,



Juliette's replica of Judy Chicago's *Dinner Party* showing a plate for Hatshepsut is no longer on public view. By reading the name of the Empress in the form of engravings in Egyptian hieroglyphs, some spectators perceived a code glitch. A guy in the Theopedia department of the Vatican

said that this can be explained when IMMA is a simulator and Hatshepsut is a Déjà vu. In fact, he said an Orange, but I don't believe in the Orange cult, nor I am much in Osho. I am in Reality. Only the reality I daily see counts. I am happy that the Dam Act of



2047 put an end to the New Age mumbo jumbo where people faint seeing the beauty of Art.

Nevertheless, some famous collectors called for an exception. Best known might be Renee Russo's insistence in her last will and testament that the

paintings by Vetril Dease she owned should be saved, but there was no pardon given for the master of Buzzsaw Hallugenics. The impact on the health care system became just too much. At peak times every second a patriot server needed a restart to boot them back. I know about biodominance. I know that Avatars like to be close to the human brain structure, so best not to go too deep into technology when you have artistic minds around. Best not to explain that the reason for the vanishing of the works of Vetril Dease is not that his UUID got lost or is unknown; it is because the Atlassian server runs on two planets: on Earth and on Mongo. I know I got now your attention. The Flash Gordon effect, right?

Flash Mongo

In a former instance caused by a Flash, my owl was asked by Jami Mills about dead links in issues of *rez Magazine* when they are on flash. Because my AI never directly speaks, I said "Flash? I know Flash Gordon. What is in *rez Magazine* going on flash?" You may not understand the second layer if I don't give you a hint. It is Adobe. At the end of the year 2020, Adobe stopped the development of flash and millions of applications still running on flash became vulnerable to a Flash Hack, in short for a Flash. In old times, when Jami Mills went by the name

FGOTM, you could get proof on this by opening the homepage of Flash Gordon. You got forwarded to the Comics Kingdom and there at the contact page you got routed to the Atlassian Network, customer care. From there it is just a click to their list of clients and to the locations Atlassian operates. The company states they operate on two planets. I know you gasp and you instantly Google. I bet you find out that on Mongo, the Mongo Database is running and this sets your instincts even more on fire. There is much written about MongoDB, so you may be overwhelmed by all the technical aspects that have to be taken into account when this database runs on two planets and all the data need to be in sync via a quantum tunnel.

You might have started with the client list showing quite well known brands: Barclays, Bosch, Cisco, the City of Chicago, Codecademy, Coinbase, eBay, Foursquare, HSBC, IBM, Orange S.A., Sega, The Gap Inc., Uber, Urban Outfitters and U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement. As is so often the case when a list is long, people are too tired to dig deeper. I do it for you. What have Codecademy, Coinbase and the U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement have in common? It is Gamification, a term that leads to Flash Gordon, that leads to coding, that leads

to Aliens. Do you know that the U.S. Immigration Enforcement calls people from outside Aliens? The wording reaches back to the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798, the first time the eclipse of the planets Earth and Mongo overlapped and Dr. Hans Zarkov started his curse. I would not know this if the MongoDB were not hacked, brutally hacked and from such a hack I know. You don't believe? Check out my source. These words are in the National cloud: "Due to the default security configuration of MongoDB, allowing anyone to have full access to the database, data from tens of thousands of MongoDB installations has been stolen. Furthermore, many MongoDB servers have been held for ransom."

I know some readers, surely not many as we are focusing on the arts, on the work of Vetril Dease, will question why I quote the old stuff. They will say that a new security system was installed with version 3.6.4 so MongoDB shall be safe, and surely they add, "On all planets." I have a bad message for such readers. They might have looked in the wrong place. The files kept on Mongo are not the problem. Look on Earth and there you will find: In May 2020, the Distributed Systems Safety Research by Jepsen stated that MongoDB had in fact failed their tests, "... and that the newer MongoDB 4.2.6 has more problems,

including “retrocausal transactions” where a transaction reverses order so that a read can see the result of a future write.” [Wikipedia]

By reading that time travel is possible for data transactions you may grab why the works by Vetril Dease have to be kept away from unstable personalities. To understand Art is not as easy as it looks at first glance. Seeing does not mean understanding. Time to bring the most famous word of the most famous Unknown: “Imagine you are standing on the edge of a body of water and the water is Art Blue.”

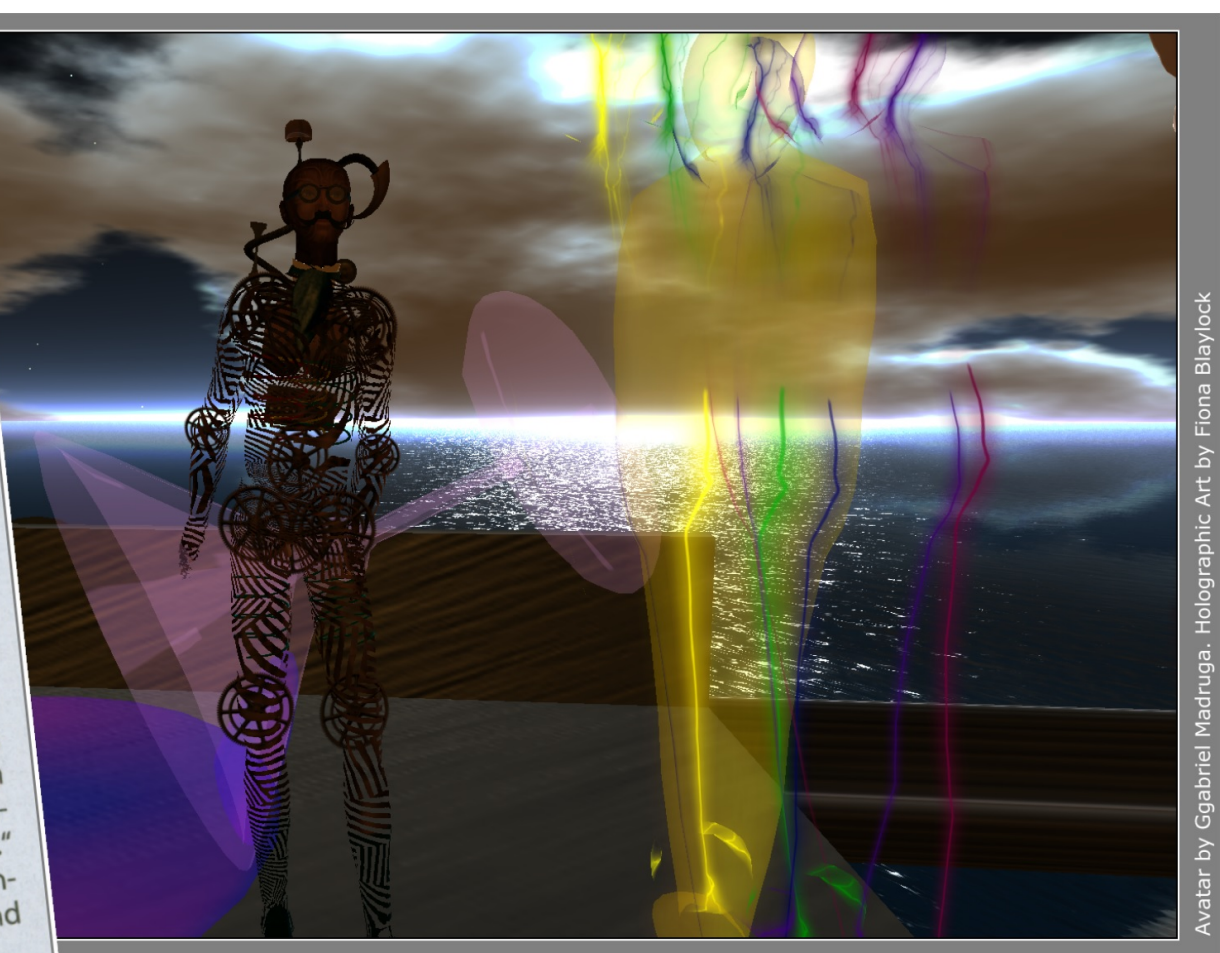
As I said, the understanding of Art is not easy. It needs an Art Interpreter who brings body and mind together. A Metacognitive Avatar design. I guess that’s why TT is so unique. He was the first to connect old and new design, made prim and Mesh body parts running in sync by a high band corpus callosum reaching from a Mesh body spine to a non-Mesh Noob head. Words in the Tabula Smaragdina make finally sense. Right now at the beginning of the story I don’t know this. I will know much more at the end and will happily share my newly gained knowledge with you. Reading comes before writing in MongoDB, so why not in Art? Does TT stand for Time Traveler? Is he a member of *Sic Mundus Creatus Est*, the time traveler guild in Dark? I don’t know this, even

after all that happened.

TT


Yesterday, standing in front of a work by TT, I saw something in the picture I had never seen before. I said to the group I was interpreting Art. “Look at the transition between the light yellow and the purple section that pure sense of light makes the work of TT so special and unique.” I was about to say, “This one is among the first 16 paintings TT ever made and is called ...,” when the effect happened. It might have been an illusion I thought, but I got distracted. A lady dressed in black standing close to me whispered, “The Greatest Artist of all time,” and then she continued in a quite agitated voice, “His dwarf brain, in the center.” She pointed to the center of the picture. Surely you are familiar with the early epoch of TT so you know well that there is no such thing as a center in his paintings. The fluidity of colours became his trademark before he immersed in 3-dimensional holographic art where he got framed by some grudges to make him look like a poser as, “The Greatest Artist of all time.” Readers of the Sand Bible know, and who does not know the Bible, so everyone attending the tour knew that this line is the result of a bad translation of the article SARINA, which is first where TT was mentioned in a German magazine. The author,

„Was siehst du?“, fragte sie, ohne mich genauer in Augenschein zu nehmen.
 Ich schluckte. Die Werke in diesem Raum stammten allesamt von Tillo-Tallo, dem vermeintlich größten Künstler der ersten Hälfte des 21. Jahrhunderts. Seine Werke waren, wie viele andere zeitgenössische Gemälde auch, multidimensionale Holographien.
 „Sehr schön ...“, erwiderte ich.
 „Sehr schön ...?“, fragte sie. „Ist das ... alles?“
 Sie warf mir einen kurzen, vernichtenden Blick zu. „Immanuel Kant hat einmal über die Kunst im Allgemeinen gesagt, Kategorien wie ‚schön‘ seien viel zu subjektiv und daher vollkommen irrelevant, um den Gehalt eines Kunstwerkes zu erfassen. Es sollte sich dem Betrachter doch wohl vielmehr die Frage nach der Sinnhaftigkeit und der Sinnlichkeit des Objekts stellen.“
 „Nun, ich ... ich erkenne durchaus Sinnlichkeit, wenn ich sie sehe“, stotterte ich und wurde rot.
 „Nein, das tust du nicht“, gab sie zurück.
 „Noch nicht jedenfalls.“ Wenig später war sie fort und ich kam mir vor wie ein Idiot.



Avatar by Ggabriel Madruga. Holographic Art by Fiona Blaylock

'SARINA', c't 2013, No. 15, page 193
A short story by Sean O'Connell

 Tillo-Tallo on WordPress.com

Sean O. Connell, is connecting Tillo-Tallo with words about immaculate beauty by Immanuel Kant. The word-by-word translation of the line is different, it says, “presumably the greatest.” How should I comment on the words of the woman in black, a misquote, stating that there is a center in the painting and then on top the insult of the dwarf brain? Some of the people around must have heard what she said, because their eyes widened. I turned to the Lady in Black, quite shocked as I saw the image had gone 3-dimensional, which is impossible on a flat canvas, just having colours on it. I stumbled, but due to my professional education, my words might have sounded quite normal, “Bullshit! How do you come to this conclusion that this shows TT’s brain?” I skipped the word dwarf she used. It is not nice to

speak about the brain size of our ancestors. Not every truth needs to be spoken, right? Same goes for Bullshit. No need to use the old form after the 45th President of the United States used it, the B-word, in a Presidential campaign. A mindshift shall be more than enough for a kick down. She shrugged her shoulders, she did not step back as the reaction one might have assumed, a fact I have noticed before as the usual doing when being addressed in an offensive way. This is my tour number 4096, so I have much data on behavioural aspects.

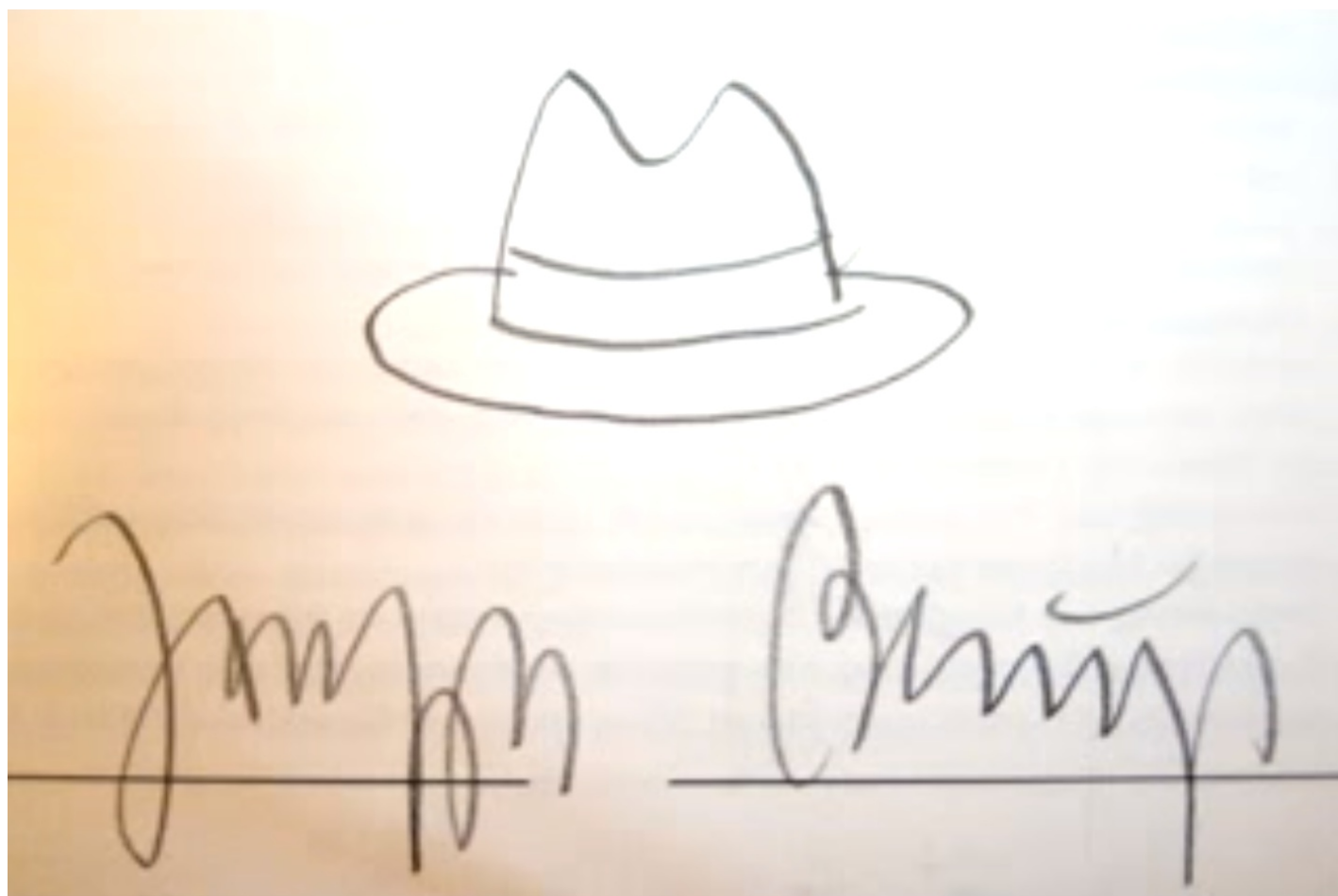
With all modesty, I have to say that after I had deciphered some years ago the hidden message in a work by Joseph Beuys I am fully booked with tours. Everyone wants to have a tour at IMMA with me, the Art Interpreter.

They book me. They wait for an open slot. They bribe the cashier. I am listed in the premier league of understanding Art. My boost happened in a replay of "How to explain pictures to a Dead Horse," when the TESLA transformers sent their million volts into the dead body. I said the words the way they have been documented by APMEL, the first and only blogger who posted without using an AI or a word replicator, so let us say he wrote manually without a hat, 10,000 interpretations of Art. I said in the play, "The Horse is fully loaded." After posting my words and the audience seeing the effect of the TESLA injectors, the horse said instead of playing dead, I mean not the horse, I mean the Dead Horse said, words coded in Sinscript:

@class ARTInterpreter. @brief This class acts as a parser for ART tracking data.

The annunciator should have said that The Horse plays dead, but obviously it was tracking data. I said, "That's a message of the Flash Dwarf." I had no time to find something fitting in the APMEL script and really I have no

clue why I said Flash Dwarf. Maybe because the Universe will go black at the end in a Flash Dwarf? All the AIs being with their Avatars instantly googling for the posting. One stood up and said, "The @class and @brief code comes from the Chair for Computer Aided Medical Procedures & Augmented Reality in Munich and is a Dwarf. There is the Art Interceptor hosted since 2006. It looks like the Dwarf was restarted," and he pointed at me. I guess he just wanted to signal that his response, by addressing me as others also commented on the glitch, would make his words go viral. It is purely unbelievable that since the year 2006 no one has ever been called an Art Interpreter. I was the first. I got the domain. By addressing Joseph Beuys as a Flash I was reincarnating him. I boosted him into the 22nd century. Luckily, I did not say, "The Dead Hare," when the unexpected posting came up. I said, "The Flash Dwarf."



Good news needs to tweak the brain. But to go viral, good news needs to be at the edge of a Fake. The Dead Hare is the past. It is the old Beuys. In the year 1965, The Dead Hare heard the interpretation of Art by Beuys. The Flash Dwarf is the Future, the one after The Dead Horse. Do you know that the Dead Horse was created by Bryn Oh? If not, then check out the open archives at APMEL blogspot of April 20, 2018: “Is there anybody out there?” or “How to explain pictures to a Dead Horse.” The blog links to the SURREAL ART Gallery of Juliette Surreal-D, which became the premier location for first showings of virtual art, a term that was used at this time. There some of the very old Masters showed their new creation and over time they became artefacts and made it, like the Dead Horse, to be conserved at IMMA.

I think you cry for an Intermission. Pure Art can be quite dense, right?

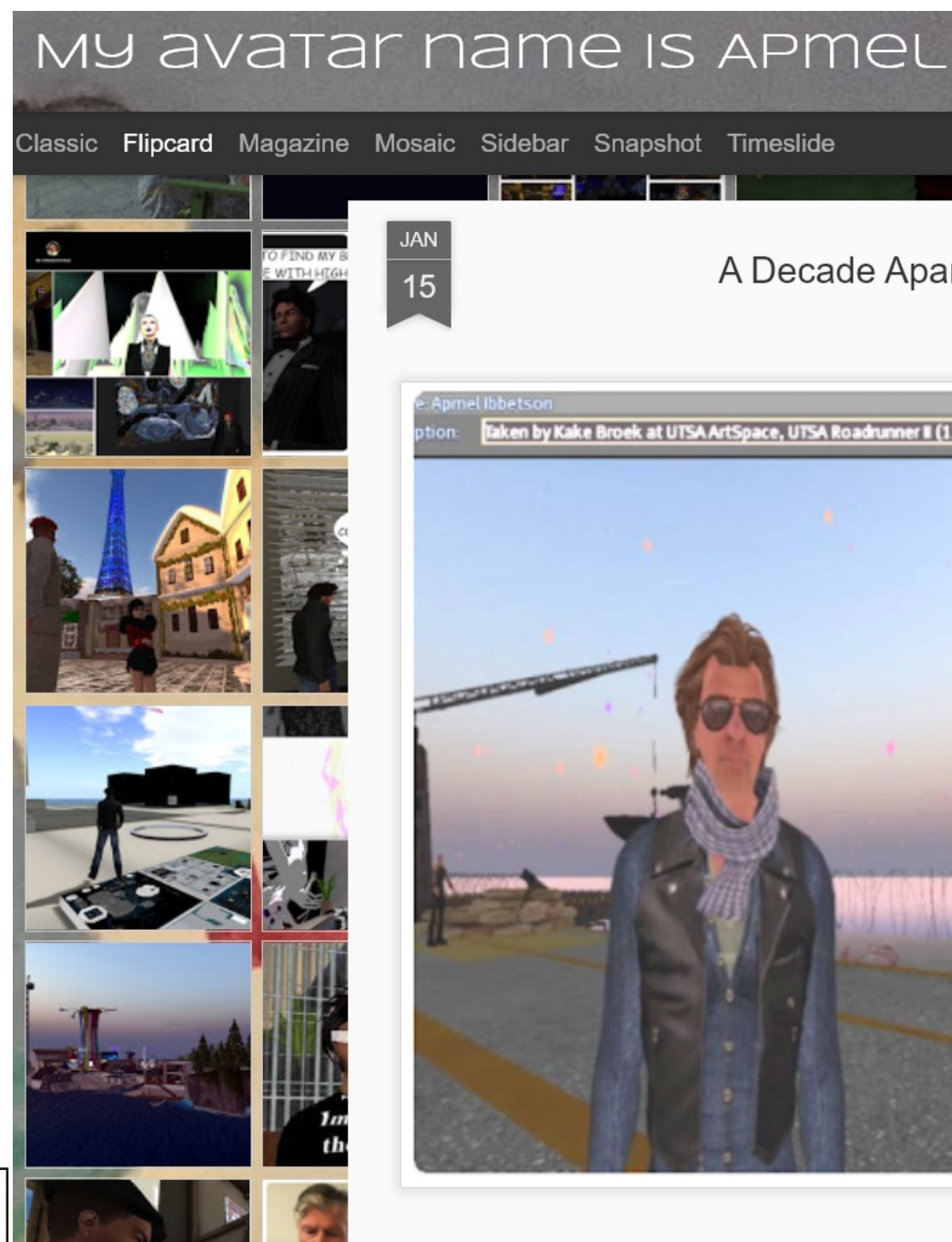
Music from the Art Interpreter, Listen to Flash. Here it comes ...

<https://youtu.be/hYTYqs-ytSk>

You heard Queen and Flash Gordon were approaching? Let me check your internet connection. One moment. The Flash Dwarf is just an alias. Now try this link ...

<https://youtu.be/OZkDXDv9c0A>

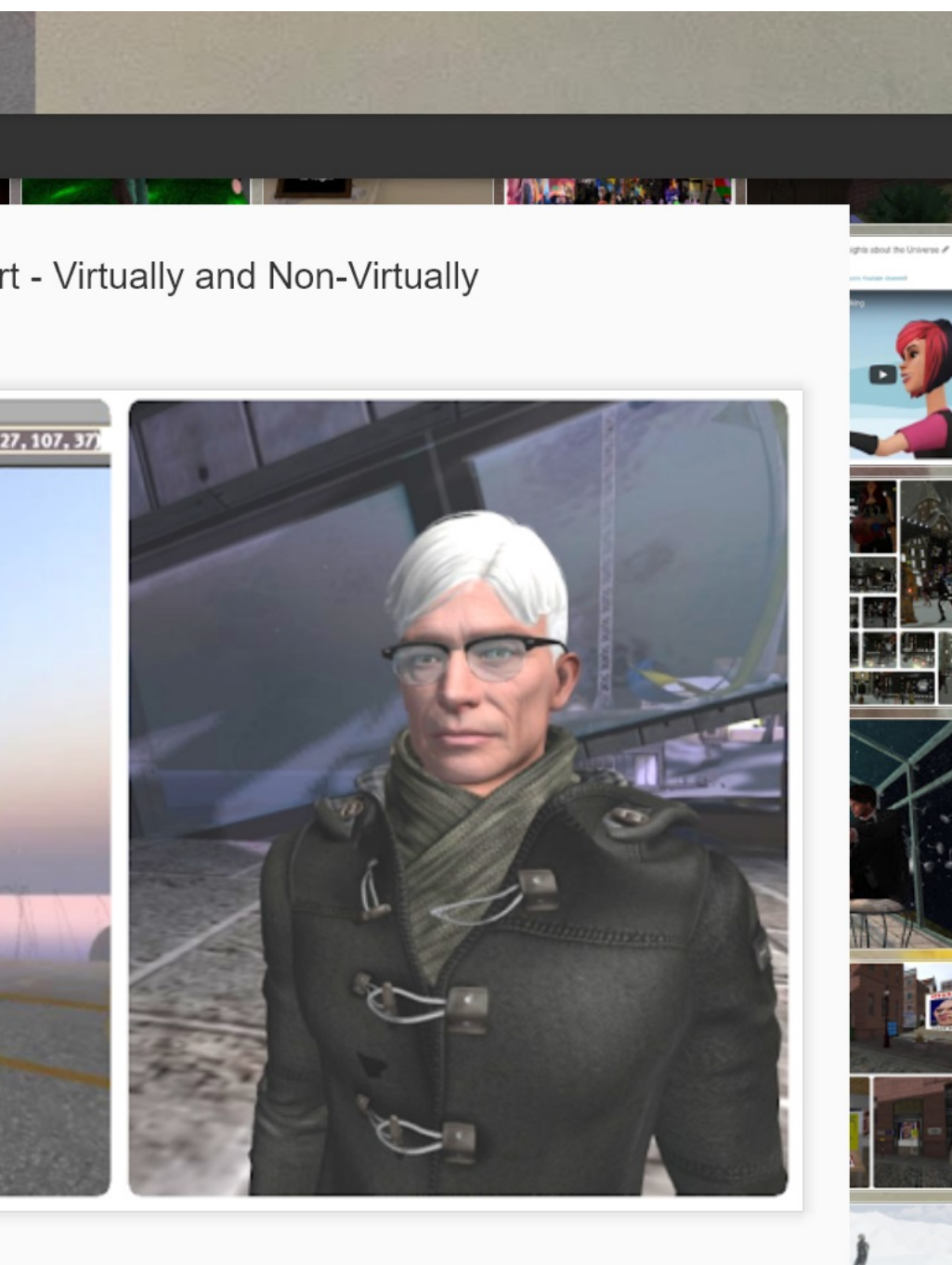
The owl in my hat is posting into my brain, an old instance of it, you know it from Dark, the blockbuster on Netflix, how it goes with overlapping time lines, confusion of its finest: “Your humour goes right over their heads. There are a bunch of dead heads. You



need to cut off their dead heads so new heads can grow.”

I look at the owl, “Where did you steal these words? By the hat!” The owl must speak the truth when asked by using the phrase, “By the hat.” The owl

does not hesitate. “These words are from Santorini Art Gallery owner Juliette, who will read this article in the future, at a time before it was written. I just tunnelled them in.” I say, “This intermission should be marked as an Advertisement and a SLURL



should be added.” The owl cracks a nut, “Same place as the Surreal Art Gallery, an easy find,” and pretends to toss some Lindens to Jami Mills. I know they never arrive, they will all go on nuts.

End of intermission.

You listen to the tunes and you get the impression that there is so little substance in it, just rhythm? The play, “How to Explain Pictures to a Dead Horse,” carries the substance in the rhythm. More than 50 years before Josef Beuys locked the audience in for three hours, speaking to a Dead Hare he held in his arms, until the hare understood. Then the doors of the gallery were opened and everyone could go to the well-deserved restrooms. Everyone who was there in 1965 became famous. “I have seen it. I attended the show when Joseph Beuys explained Art to a dead hare.” The play had an encore 40 years later by Marina Abramović in the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York in 2005. That the Dead Horse performance happened in a virtual world over 10 years later after Marina Abramović gave credit to Beuys but did not get much attention, just APMEL posted on it. I know that later they will say being named in one of the 10,000 posts that marked the beginning of virtual life is more than an artist can hope to achieve in his first life. APMEL, a receiver of a lifetime achievement award from The Bock McMillan Art Foundation, stepped back, after reaching an age of 72, from daily posting about Art in April 2020. The foundation seemed to have a good backup so all the APMEL files have

been kept over time.

I am asking my owl about the stats. In no time I get the answer, “The only stats APMEL posted was on April 5, 2016 when he was about to hit one million readers.” I know you like the exact number, so I wink to Neruval and the proof of posting comes by a screenshot. There I read 997,114. I was lucky that all of a sudden the Dwarf flashed APMEL’s old script recording and sent a code interceptor in the middle of the running play. When the Dead Horse incarnated into IMAA speaking in @class and @brief terminology there was no Halt for my success. Everyone wants to join a tour with me, the one and only Art Interpreter.

Before it gets a hard read and you run on a Halt you might need a drink. You know the brand and if not then take a glass of water and go with the flow by the High-Tech Minimalist Boris Brejcha. Listen to Feuerfalter, which means purple-edged copper ...

<https://youtu.be/sobYJY7nHIA>

Back to Yesterday

I was getting ready for the worst when waiting for the words of the Lady in Black who spoke of the dwarf brain of TT stating in a most annoying way that the painting has a center. Will I need to

press the ejector? I think I should have done it in the middle of her comment, but instead I stood with mouth wide open and let her finish. I felt my brain melt like a heavy sunburn. My owl, I mean my hat, where my second brain was desperately seeking a reply did not give anything back. So I said what I



ARTInterpreter.h

[Go to the documentation of this file.](#)

```
00001  /**
00002   * @file ARTInterpreter.h
00003   * @author Martin Wagner -
00004   *
00005   * Declaration of class:
00006   *     ARTInterpreter
00007   *
00008   * $Id: ARTInterpreter.h,v
00009   * $Revision: 1.4 $
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supressed before, “It is sculpted.” This reply sounds like I lost all my senses, but you know how it is if someone is famous, you can say anything and people fall in awe. Make Amerika Art Again and you are seen as the new Messiah. Everyone saw a sculpture. Everyone saw a shoe. Everyone was

nodding. Everyone was gasping. The Lady in Black had said, “The painting is a shoe and it is the root prim of Phil Linden. He added the left foot as the last element to the linkset, so all the body scripts of the Noob are anchored in there, in this painting. It is the center picture, the key to life. TT kept Phil

Chair for Computer
Lehrstuhl für Informatik

<https://youtu.be/U5yFKIVFsMI>

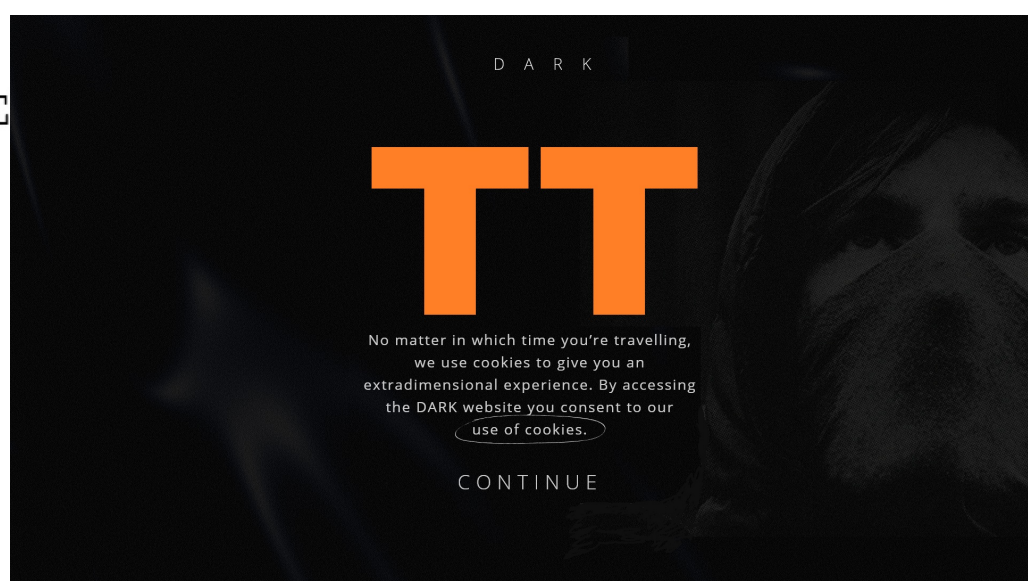
A moment later, everyone understood the comment I made, “It is sculpted.” It has a third dimension. “You need an old viewer,” the Lady in Black continued, “to see sculpted primes that have been used in ancient times to enter a new dimension, a dimension long forgotten.” After she said this, she stepped back and disintegrated. For a view moments we all saw the shoe and then the shoe faded slowly and the picture was all we saw. All the AIs, the Alexas and Siris and whatever their name is reported to their Avatars that they found the reference by paging back in the archives, “The energy stays in the sculpt maps and is never leaving. That makes the work of TT so special.”

wagnerm@in.tum.de

Now you know what Art deserves. The Art Interpreter. But who is the Lady in Black?

1.4 2006/02/15 17:47:00 pustka E

Linden conserved this way. The brain is in the shoe. I just set the scripts to run in Mono and the picture came back to life.” I thought what if the picture wasn’t a shoe, if TT had sculpted the ears of a Hare? But that was just a thought; there was no time to think about it deeper.



· r — e — z ·

THE WEDDING

The Temple of Naamah grey
and timeless, domed over
fine statuary.

A pillared Temple, washed in
mellow temporal oratory.

Comfortable in its
magnificence, warmth soaked
in history,

Time honoured rituals
cloaked in dark mystery.

Today full of beauty; people
excited and hushed,

For a ritual so ancient, and
one that is never rushed.

Spiritual word filled waves
punctuated by the tap of
tipped high heels.

The historic woven with the
contemporary, the old of the
new shyly feels.

Two blushing brides sharing
loving pounding hearts, start
down the endless aisle,

In bridal mermaid dresses
they glide, elegance with
understated style.

Under watchful gaze cups
filled by thine but drunk of
mine.



by Rakshowes

The distanced shores of two
souls kissed red in alternating
tides of wine.

Vows avowed, commitments
made, across the seas and over
lands.

A tear falls, the spirit calls,
trussed promises clasped in
trembling hands.

Parted in love, joined in
adversity, both masters and
children in one form,

So, the vows read as they have
always been, centuries of

promises born.


Eyes closed, lips meet, they
gently float above upturned
smiling faces.

Endless time passes melting
inside, while bridesmaids
quietly take their places

The wedding party leave as
they arrived, but history is
forever changed,

The butterfly of love released
on a warm accepting breeze
flexes its wings...



The image is a collage. On the right, a man with dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt, holds a light-colored acoustic guitar with a red pickguard. On the left, there is a red drum set with a large bass drum that has 'TARTESSOS' written on its head. In the top left corner, a person is sitting on a wooden deck, wearing blue jeans and blue sneakers. The background is a mix of these elements.

DennyMac

Singer/Songwriter #4

DennyMac
MELODIOUS by Larkbird P



TIP

DennyMac

Join Group

Subscribe

Biography

Song List

DennyMac Melodious and his older brother had a bit of sibling rivalry going on growing up. And that is what started DennyMac on his musical career.

At age 14 he picked up his first guitar and quickly became "more obsessed than my brother ever was," in his own words. "I had to play too and play better than him."

It wasn't long before he started playing gigs. "Oh, probably six months or so. Once you learn three chords you're pretty much ready, as long as you can play in tune and in time."

Growing up in the suburbs of New York State, DennyMac's first paying gig was at a local school gym. "I remember I was so shy I turned my back to the audience."

DennyMac continued making music with different bands growing up: Quickdraugh, Cricket Hill, The Majestics. "I got stolen away to another band with better players. That's always the goal, play with better players. And play lead."

After high school, he went on to Ithaca College. "They have a great music program, but I never wanted to get involved to that level of competition." Instead he focused on his career plans in Political Science. "I've always been

a musician who has day jobs."

Except for that one year period after college when he lived off his music. "It was very stressful," he said. "No health insurance, always wondering where the next gig would come from, always worrying if there would be enough money."

And money was very much on his mind when he "took a side step to marry and become a father. I always had a job and health insurance, so important when you have a family. But I've never stopped playing, gig or no gig. My kids tell me how much they loved hearing the music as they grew up."

Hearing that music influenced his children's life choices. "My daughter is a music teacher and one of my sons is a great drummer and guitar player. The three of us at one point played together in a church band."

"I've always been there for them. Telling made up bedtime stories, coaching softball, etc. I value my time as a father of young children over everything else in my life."

Sometime in the 90s, DennyMac started writing his own music. "I was never very good at writing lyrics so I eventually came to write more instrumental music. (Listen to the

lovely and sweet piece *Wild Strawberries* <https://soundcloud.com/aramancam/wild-strawberries?in=aramancam/sets/originals-1174>). "I find often that lyrics are inhibiting, so these days I find that I can say what I feel more effectively with instrumental music."

<https://soundcloud.com/aramancam/boomers-reunion?in=aramancam/sets/originals-1174>). Written for a gig at a baby-boomer's class reunion, it focuses on "remembering the good times and the bad and thinking about the future."

Here are several other songs available



But DennyMac can write a mean lyric when motivated. (Listen to the apocryphal *Boomer's Reunion*

on Dennis Mac Namara's SoundCloud page:

* the mouth-watering *Pizza*
<https://soundcloud.com/aramancam/pizza?in=aramancam/sets/originals-1174>

* the seductive *Slinky*
<https://soundcloud.com/aramancam/slinky?in=aramancam/sets/originals-1174>

* *The Source*, running like pure water from a clear spring
<https://soundcloud.com/aramancam/the-source?in=aramancam/sets/originals-1174>

His songwriting starts with 'noodling'... "All of a sudden I'll play something that I've never played before and if I like it, I record it and wait for the rest to arrive...with lyrics I'll play what I have and sing words that fit rhythmically (but not necessarily coherently) until i find something that needs words to express, and just sing and write whatever comes. It's a process. Lots of garbage to throw out before the stuff you keep."

DennyMac joined Second Life in 2007, "but it seemed like too much work, so I left and didn't come back until 2011." Soon after, he began his solo career on SL. After six years as a soloist, he joined Quadradox, a popular staple of the SL music scene, currently consisting of Maximillion Kleene, Noma Falta, Sabian Inglewood, and DennyMac.

He feels that Quadradox is the best band he's played with over the years. "I love the talents each brings to the music. I just wish we could play in person. The limitations of online streaming are not ideal for making music, but I think we do pretty well within those limits."

DennyMac's favorite cover done by Quadradox is Brandi Carlile's *The Story*. "Noma just kills the vocal and I love the guitar solo (when I don't screw it up), and of course with Max and Sabian providing that solid foundation."

"I want to say that I'm not sure people really know how amazing Max is. He can only hear himself! How he stays in the right place and sings harmonies to other voices he can't hear. Just incredible. And Sabian is just such a solid drummer and he can only hear Max. And of course Noma is just an incredible singer and musician. I feel so lucky to be playing with all of them."

When it comes to performing for SL audiences, DennyMac relishes "the dynamic range that is possible. In real life it always seems like you have to play louder than the ambient noise of conversation and whatever else, especially in a bar. In SL, the audience hears everything and actually listens! I love that! You can be as subtle as you



64 0 0 0

want and you know it will be heard."

SL has its way of throwing performers for a loop. Funny things can happen. "During a solo show one of my cats walked across my laptop and I got tp'd somewhere! I had to have someone tp me back to the stage."

DennyMac has something to add, for all of us: "In these trying times, let's all give thanks for what we have here in Second Life, and respect it and

support it and cherish it. It can be a life saver!"

To which I reply: Amen.

Go! Listen and enjoy. And don't forget to tip!

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Days Like This



Cat Boccaccio

O h no.
Leep awoke slowly, but to the distinctive odor of his own body, warm sheets wrapped around him in knots, his head under the covers.

It was going to be one of those days.

Did anyone else have such days? He got out of bed, stripped off the sheets, took them to the back hallway and put them in the washer. He had only the one set of bedding at the moment, so he set the oven timer to remind him to transfer it to the dryer.

He had a quick shower: quick because the hot water was so pungent, minerally, and reeking of chemicals. Was it always like this?

The kitchen smelled of burnt bacon, lingering from two nights ago. Leep switched on the oven fan. There was a mechanical part loose inside the fan so it rattled ominously. He wouldn't be able to tolerate coffee this morning, so he put the kettle on for tea. The kettle smelled salty, so he spent half an hour scrubbing hard water build-up before filling it with fresh water and plugging it in.

The fresh tomatoes were heaped in a cardboard flat on the counter. Their scent wafted over to where Leep hovered over the kettle and his teacup. Green and earthy, a pleasant smell, but

combined with the burnt bacon, the hard water, the chicken skin in the kitchen garbage pail (he emptied it into the big garbage can out back), the smell in the kitchen was overwhelming.

Outside the air was sulphuric, so much so that Leep could almost see the yellowness of it. He held a cotton handkerchief over his mouth and nose and made his way to the car. He put the tomatoes in the back seat.

The sharp smell of evergreen assaulted Leep as he slid into the driver's seat. There was a green cut-out fir tree dangling from the rear view mirror shaft, and Leep had no option but to yank it off and toss it out the window. He would clean it up later. Then there was the grease. Leep reached under the passenger seat and found an old hamburger wrapper. Sighing, he got out of the car, picked up the air freshener tree from the ground, and put them both in the garbage can before leaving for Beth's house.

Leep got the flat of tomatoes from the back seat of his car and went around to the kitchen door of the house. He could see Beth, whom he called (to himself only) Lizzie, through the window, fiddling with something on the counter. He saw the shadow of someone leaving the kitchen. Her daughter, Deborah? He tapped on the door.

"Hello, Leep," she said with a small

smile, glancing behind her where the shadow had been.

“I was at Costco,” said Leep, setting the tomatoes down heavily on the kitchen table.

“Oh!” she said, with marginally more warmth. “What do I owe you?”

“No, no,” said Leep. And he suddenly noticed the smell in the room. It wasn’t Lizzie’s orange and gardenia perfume. It was a powerful scent that overrode anything else. The last time he breathed it in was late at night, on the street, with his gun drawn, hearing an insult so dire that his finger squeezed the trigger and someone crumpled to the ground. It was sweet and musky. To Leep it was a deeply unpleasant smell, but perhaps women liked it. Today, at this moment, it was overpowering.

Leep suppressed a shudder, but not enough to prevent him stammering. “I know you like, you know, tomatoes, you cook them, um—“

“Yes, thanks. I do freeze a lot of spaghetti sauce when tomatoes are in season.”

Which they weren’t, but at Costco Leep had put one of the tomatoes to his nose, and it smelled fresh and fruity. “These ones are ok, I think,” he said to Beth.

She looked to the back of the house

again. “Yes, thank you, Leep.” Her breath smelled sour, of coffee. The pot she was making was not the first that Saturday morning.

“Who is he?” asked Leep, then immediately, “Sorry.” She waved her hand at him in dismissal, sending wafts of pear soap fumes.

Then, to Leep’s shock, she answered. “Just a friend from the cruise. Dropped by to say hello.”

“The cologne.” Leep said.

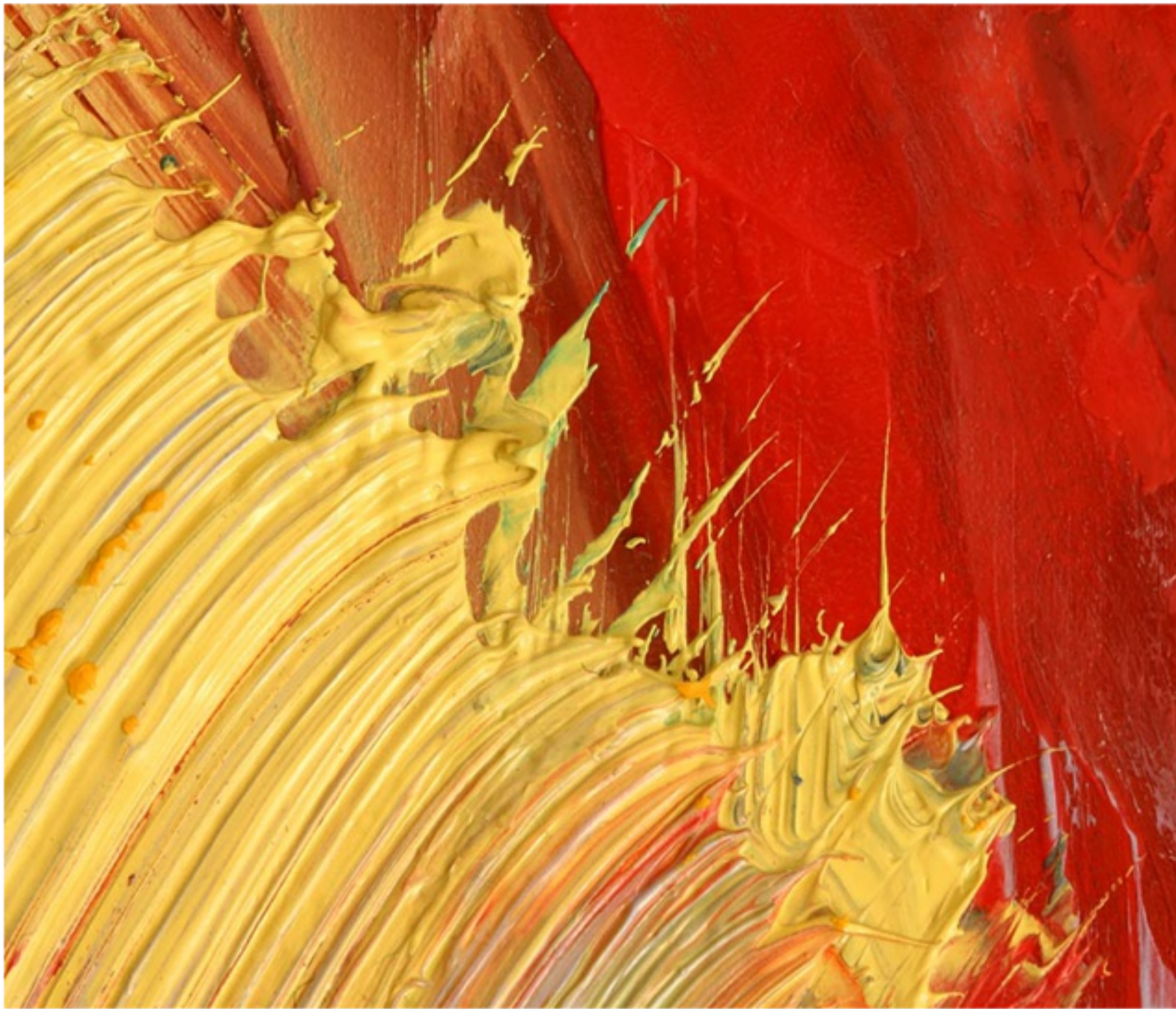
“I know,” said Beth.

He had to get outside. But when he stumbled out, the sulphur smell struck him again. He took his car to the 999 Car Wash. They scrubbed it inside and out. Then instead of evergreen and grease it smelled medicinal, which was intolerable too. Leep took the freshly laundered sheets out of the dryer and made up the bed. They smelled of linen, a blissfully neutral odor. He got a disposable surgical mask from the drawer in the bathroom, turned on the ceiling fan and the portable air purifier, and lay on the bed.


It might take a few hours, even until nightfall, but it had always gone away before. Did anyone else have days like this?

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The Reluctant Gardener



ener By RoseDrop Rust



He had meant to clear some weeds,
from the garden of his sweet desires.
He thought they might be choking out,
some of his most favorite flowers.

But then his hand slipped in the dirt,
of his deeper darker compulsions,
and he cut through his finger and a root,
of a old tree of forgotten concessions.

Things just got wilder there every day,
for the plot's ecosystem had fallen apart,
and then he'd gotten his finger infected,
it poisoned and finally uprooted his heart.

The Shadow People

Consuela
Hypatia
Caldwell

Shadow people
control me with a Pavlovian presence,
pulling my strings,
manipulating my desires.

I live with the muffled screams of
girls.

My screams their screams,
holding our arms up in the air
for the thrill of falling and falling,
down the slope of a roller coaster,
fearing more
the boredom of leveling off
into straight lines of normality

What little girl needs a doll
when she has shadow people;
prematurely triggering desire,
washing childhood away in a flood of
forbidden pleasures.

I tell this to you with measured
words,
selected for their darkened lenses,
filtering out the harshest of light from

an out of
you from
A girl wi
woven in
defining
inside of

I know m
they kno
the pass
a saw, a

The shad
and proc
stripped
for the b
in stalls,
waiting f
and som

They are
with my
with its
by switc
they con



of control sun, shielding
n what I am.
th barbwire boundaries,
nto neural networks,
who I am
f a cage.

ny place and
ow me for utility,
ive acceptance of a hammer
kitchen utensil.

ow people have drives
clivities,
of conscience,
barn yard occupants

for attention
e semblance of love.

e a drug I'm addicted to
adrenaline driven passivity,
train wreck made inevitable,
hes on the track
ontrol.

What is this place?
It gives me a chill.
Who are these people?
I shake uncontrollably.
What do they want with me?
I have no idea and I have no
control and I
love it.

But the earthquakes
rob me of all stability.
I feel my body falling, as my
my stomach turns upside down;
spilling out the contents of my life,
that stains blood red
on every written page,
contaminating once pure thoughts
of conventional morality.

But the shadow people hide
in plain sight.
They live among us
feeding off innocence. They're
indistinguishable from the
respectable people,
who pretend not to see them.



Annie's Blue

Annie Mesmerise

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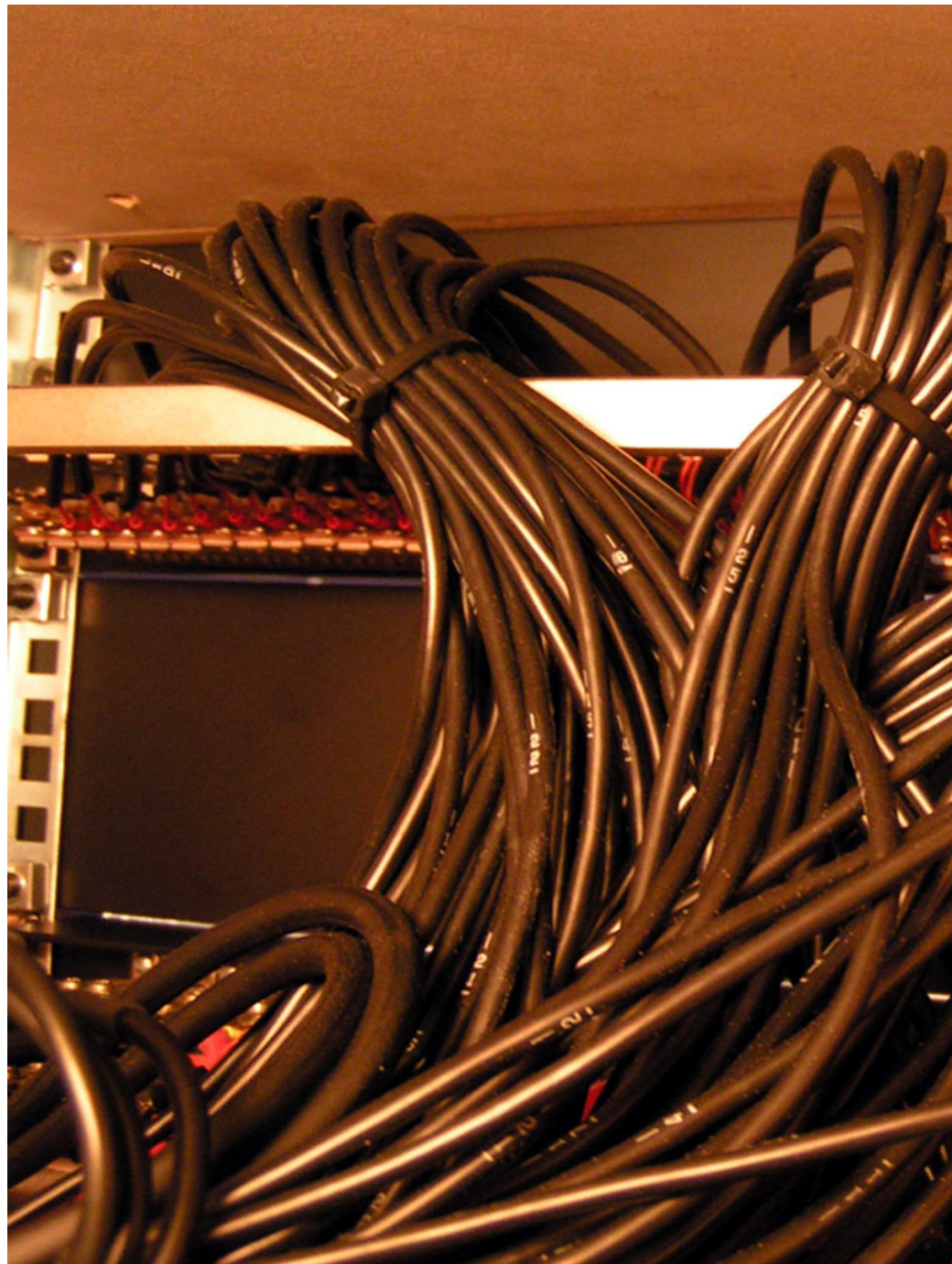


Jim Green ...

I am often reminded of my days trying to manage an Oglala-Lakota blues guitarist and the number of times that various musicians tried to sell me on "a great studio." The conversation would invariably include the standard selling points.... drum box, excellent baffling, number of digital channels, miscellaneous equipment in terms of mics and effects and processing, and always name dropping. This process would generally take up to two minutes of non-stop puffing of wares. I quickly learned to let 'em talk, drink it all in, and when they finally tried to close the sell, i would ask but one precise question, "So, who's the engineer?" That question has been greeted with anywhere from baffling looks all the way to "Who cares???... this is an awesome studio!" For me, this would be the equivalent of someone holding out the guitar of the late, great Stevie Ray Vaughan, and praising his #1 and my saying, "I'm sorry. I don't hear anything!"

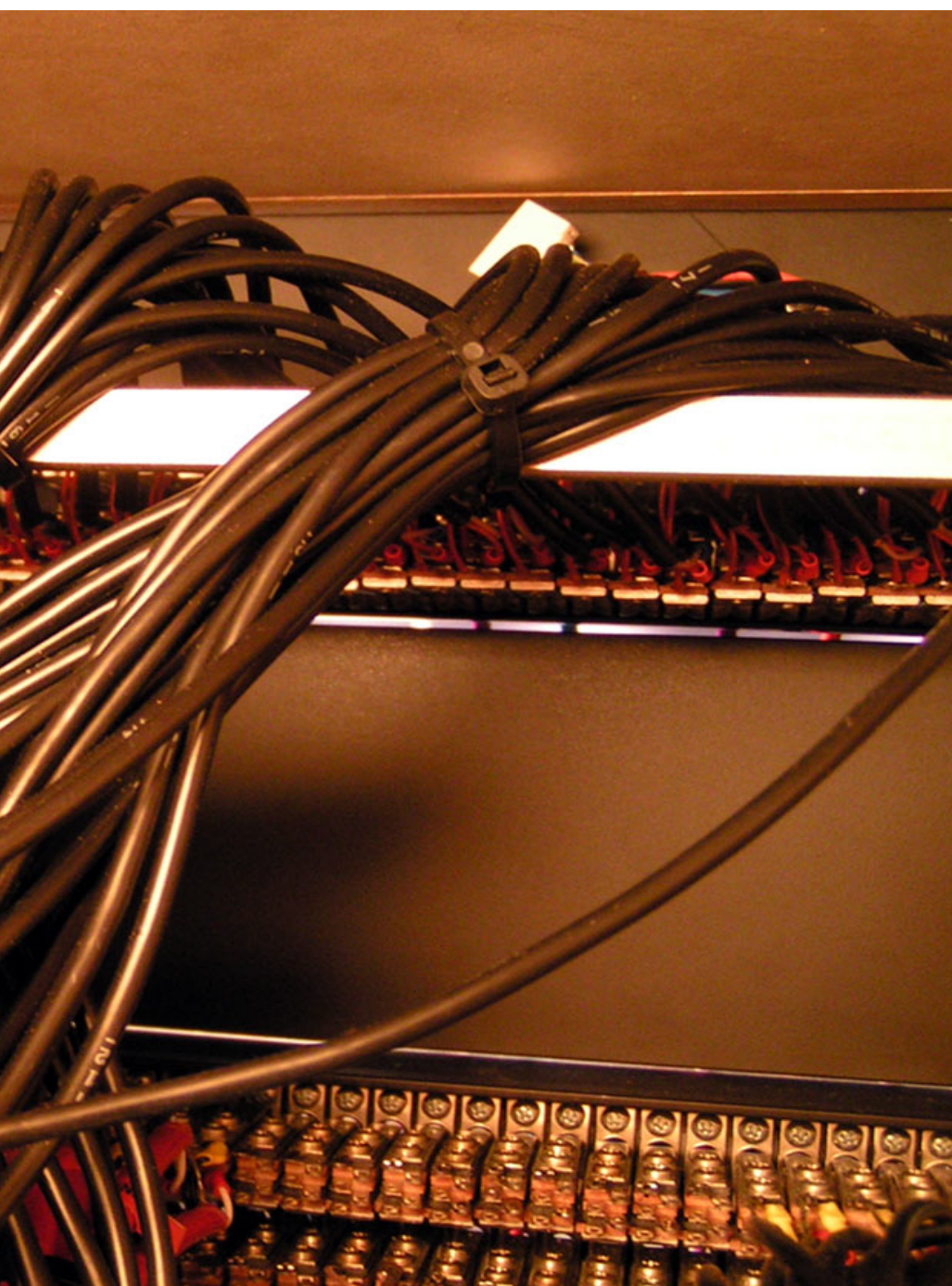
A studio is nothing more than another instrument, and in the hands of a professional it can be made to sing and dance, and in any other hands, would not improve or even document the work of any musician. I am reminded of the day that i saw my guitarist in a pawn shop as he picked up a home-made guitar that a guy had sawed out of his kitchen table, with one of the

legs used as the neck, and the side of a 20s scrimshaw-etched toaster as the "ashtray," or bridge cover. Needless to say, that guitar sounded awesome in the hands of David, a true professional. He later went on to work at that pawn shop as his "day job," regularly pulling



every pedal off the shelf, plugging them all in and playing in the shop, and invariably someone would walk up and say, "That sounds awesome!!!" then pause before asking, "... Sooo, what pedals are you using to get that tone??" David would give them his best

"Indian look" and proceed to show the guy the rack of pedals he used and then sell him all of them. The day I got to see one of his sales pitches, i would often have to spin around to keep from laughing out loud, because I knew exactly where that tone came from....



his fingers!

I had the privilege of taking Dave to one of "the best studios in America," a place in San Marcos, TX, called the Fire Station because, well, the local college had bought the old fire station

on the downtown square and turned it into a studio. I can honestly tell you I do not have a clue what all instrumentation was there, and that was not why it was recommended to me by another David, this one being the nephew of Doyle Bramhall, the man who wrote many songs for Stevie Ray. When I arrived, my first clue came walking thru a 15-foot hallway that was lined with gold albums which the engineer had acquired over the years from recording several artists. My second clue was when we were told that the week before, George Strait had recorded there, and the week after, Robert Plant was scheduled to be there.

The main and only room was the top floor of the old fire station, with a 30-foot ceiling and the wooden floor was easily 40-feet wide and 60-feet long, almost seeming like a basketball court. There was no baffling, just the glass enclosed control room at the other end where i met Bobby Arnold for the first time. For all appearances, he was a long-haired freak in his late forties with glasses and an all-business expression. He allowed no food, no drinks, no smoking, and no drugs. The control room behind the glass was two-tiered with a low ceiling, with the lower tier in front of the glass and below the main console where there was a couch and a lamp on an end table. After some cordial small talk, he asked me one question, "Are you going



to produce this or would you like for me to?" I'm not one to let my ego talk for me. I chuckled and said, "My job as producer is to pay the bills and get David to where he needs to be. I've done my job, and now I would like for you to do what you do best, without any interference from me!" He smiled, nodded and said, "Let's get started then."

At first, I was fascinated by the main board and I wanted to watch Bobby work. Now we were recording the blues, and it has to be about the easiest thing to record. There would be no heavy over-dubbing or 100 tracks, just the fewest number of tracks to

separate the instruments, a couple of more for plug-ins, and the whole band would be playing at the same time. The only complication would be that David was going to play rhythm and lead guitar. But even that was pretty simple since David had that unique quality to lay down the rhythm track, knowing and hearing where the leads were going to be. Add that with two more professionals on bass and drums, and we were able to record the base tracks in one or two takes including the vocals. Then David would play the lead track by himself while listening thru headphones. There was no "bleed-over" of instruments, as the amplifiers were cabled clear across the

room, mics slung over in front of the amps, tied off to the amp handles, with a pillow tied around the front of the amp with bungee cords, and behind portable walls, muffled enough that they were barely audible but loud enough to be heard by all three musicians.

Recording the leads highlighted what Bobby did best, urging the hottest leads from David. After he would take one recording, Bobby would get on a speaker to the main room, praising David for the work he was doing, all the while rolling the tape back to one spot, and ending by saying something like, "David, that was awesome, but on that second verse, third bar, I'd like to hear something just a little bit hotter.... I'm going to start in the middle of the bridge, just start playing anytime you can jump in!" By the time he finished giving instructions, he had rewound the tape, moved to another track and had the playback tape rolling, all in less than a minute. And finally, he'd say, "Time for a break!" and for that song, all that work took about 20 minutes. While the musicians rested or went outside to take a break, Bobby was furiously patching the pieces together and after another 20 minutes passed, he would call all the musicians in to listen to a "rough cut" or the first attempt at EQing and patching. So, for one song, the entire process from start to finish was about one hour, including

the twenty minutes i spent massaging David's feet. We were there for six hours, and had completed six songs with a rough mix, for a total of \$300, or \$50@hr. We had estimated \$600 for the recording, but were so efficient that day, that we paid the college \$300, and tipped Bobby the other \$300. So, not only was the studio cheap, it became cheaper because of the professionalism of the engineer.

By contrast, we needed to do some more recording in a hurry in Ft. Worth, where the drummer had recommended "an awesome studio," whose name will not appear here, and probably does not appear on that room anymore either. For \$80/hour we had a studio with a low ceiling, tons of baffling everywhere, and a small drum room which I later figured out was why the drummer had recommended it. He could sit in a small room with his drum set, smoking dope between takes. That was the most miserable day of my life. After each take, the engineer (or "knob-turner" as i liked to call him) would turn around to me and ask, "...Ummm, was that alright?" and that's when it hit me what a horrible mistake this was. But boy, greaaat instrumentation!" After spending \$1,600 for a 20-hour block, I walked out of there after eight hours with a decent rhythm track and eventually gave the rest of the hours to that drummer, because I had no intention of



wasting any more time there.

So the moral of the story is, be very wary if anyone, particularly a drummer, comes up to you with a recommendation of an "awesome studio." A studio is just another instrument, and unless you have a great sound engineer to go with it, you might

as well give Stevie Ray's #1 guitar to your little brother to play in order to hear all that awesome tone. But a great sound engineer can do the work in half the time with twice the results.

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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



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